A

POEM

On the Marriage of His Serene Highneſs the Prince of *ORANGE*,

WITH

ANN,

Princeſs-Royal of GREAT-BRITAIN.

By *STEPHEN DUCK*.

To which are added,

VERSES to the AUTHOR,

By a DIVINE.

With the AUTHOR's ANSWER,

AND HIS

POEM on TRUTH and FALSHOOD.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

VERSES to the AUTHOR,

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AND HIS

POEM on TRUTH and FAME.

ON THE
MARRIAGE
Of His SERENE HIGHNESS the
PRINCE of *ORANGE*.

LLuſtrious Prince, forgive the feeble Lay,
That now aſpires to hail your Nuptial Day;
Nor ſcorn a Muſe, the meaneſt of the Nine,
Who brings her humble Off'ring to your Shrine.

And You Imperial Nymph, whoſe lovely Face
Invites the Hero to your chaſte Embrace,
Vouchſafe a Spark of your Cœleſtial Fire,
Harmonious Words, and pleaſing Thoughts inſpire,
Soft as your Love, and tuneful as your Lyre;

So ſhall my Numbers charm the liſt'ning Ear,
And ev'n the glad *NASSAU* delighted hear.
NASSAU has long enrich'd the Book of Fame,
And *ANNA* now adorns the Noble Name.
Nations who ſaw the Light of *ORANGE* riſe,
With awful Splendor, in the *Belgian* Skies;
Shall ſoon behold it with new Luſtre ſhine,
Join'd to a glorious Star of *BRUNSWICK*'s Line.

So where the flowing *Sambre* gently glides,
The Swain delights to view the beauteous Tides;
But when his more-extended Eye ſurveys
The ſhining Torrent join the ſpacious *Maeſe*,
Both Rivers thus, with friendly Union flow,
And to the Sight ſuperior Beauty ſhow.

Whene'er the Gods a noble Race intend,
They ſuit the Cauſes to their deſtin'd End:
Nor yoke unequal Hearts in Nuptial Love,
Jove's valiant Bird diſdains the fearful Dove.
Great Minds by native Sympathy combine,
As golden Particles the cloſeſt join;

Paternal Virtues in their Bolom roll,
Ally'd in Love by Nobleneſs of Soul;
Hence Thrones and Scepters ſhine neglected Things,
Hence Royal *ANN* prefers *NASSAU* to Kings;
While *Britons* with united Hearts rejoice,
And willing Senators applaud the Choice,
To ſee their King (to Honour ever true)
Diſcharge the Debt to ſacred *WILLIAM* due!
Immortal *WILLIAM!* by whoſe prudent Cares,
We yet enjoy the Fruits of all our Wars;
Our Laws, Religion, Liberty, and Peace,
And ev'n the Bleſſings of the *BRUNSWICK* Race.

Nor Thou, Illuſtrious *ORANGE*, bluſh to own
Thy Honour, thus ally'd to *Albion*'s Crown;
Bleſt with a Princeſs, in whoſe Form we trace
Her Father's Majeſty, and Mother's Grace:
Bright Orbs of Pow'r, that with propitious Ray,
Diſpel our Clouds, and beautify our Day.
Not as the Comet, raging thro' the Air,
Infects the World with Peſtilence and War:

But

But like the Sun, their Beams of Goodneſs glow,
Inſpiring Life, and chearing All below.
Such are the glorious SIRE, and gracious DAME,
From whence the beauteous Bride of *ORANGE* came.
And ſhall unerring Nature change her Kind?
What Lion e'er produc'd a tim'rous Hind?
The Royal Eagles, Royal Eagles breed,
And Heroes from Heroic Sires proceed;
Rome's Founder thus, conſeſt his Race Divine;
Thus *NASSAU* copies the *NASSOVIAN* Line;
Thus, *ANNA*'s noble Stream of Virtue flows,
High as the Regal Spring from whence it roſe.
Thrice happy Nymph, with ev'ry Grace ſupply'd,
Thrice happy Prince, with ſuch a heav'nly Bride;
In whom ſuperior Senſe, with Judgment joins,
Her Beauty much, but more her Merit ſhines.
How glorious! when ſuch Worth adorns the Great,
We hear, we ſee, admire and imitate,
Virtue in Them, attracts remoteſt Eyes,
But in the Vulgar Soul unheeded lies.
As radiant *Phœbus* darts ſuperior Light,
While ſmaller Planets ſhun the watchful Sight. Ac-

Accompliſh'd thus, let her Example fire
The drooping Muſe, and wake the ſounding Lyre;
To aid Religion be her chiefeſt Care,
(Heav'n juſtly claims the Soul it made ſo fair)
To ſtem the Torrent of licentious Rage,
And prop the Virtues of a ſinking Age;
Exalting Science to her ancient Height,
To raiſe declining Arts, and make the rude Polite.
While Great *NASSAU*, whom native Glory warms,
Whene'er his Country calls him forth to Arms,
May fire the *Belgians* in the Field of *Mars*,
Conſult their Peace, or animate their Wars;
Paint his Forefathers to their wond'ring Eye,
And teach 'em how to conquer, or to die;
Like him, who bravely dar'd to break their Chain,
Tho' held by all the Force and Fraud of *Spain*;
For injur'd Liberty the Sword he draws,
Reſolv'd to gain, or periſh in the Cauſe;
And having long the doubtful Combat try'd,
Like *Cæſar* vanquiſh'd, and like *Cæſar* * dy'd. Tho',

* *King* William's *Great Grandfather, the firſt Great Aſſertor of the* Belgian *Liberties, Aſſaſſinated at* Delph.

Tho' diff'rent far the Motives of their Mind,
That, ſought to Conquer, This to ſave Mankind;
Till prais'd, lamented, envied, and admir'd,
The Hero, Patriot, and the Prince expir'd.

Oh! where did then the guardian Angels hide?
Nor watch'd to turn the guilty Ball aſide;
When he, whom armed Hoſts cou'd not withſtand,
Now falls a Victim to one Villain's Hand!

But riſe ye Muſes, quit the penſive Lay,
Nor damp the Joys of this auſpicious Day,
Since yet the glorious Name of *ORANGE* ſtands,
Since Royal *ANNA* ſeals the Nuptial-bands,
Soon may Imperial *ADOLPHS* riſe again,
Again new *FREDERICKS* thunder on the Main,
Rouſing the Martial Youth to War's Alarms,
(If proud *Iberians* ſhine again in Arms)
To guard their Country from tyrannic Pow'r,
And be what glorious *WILLIAM* was before.

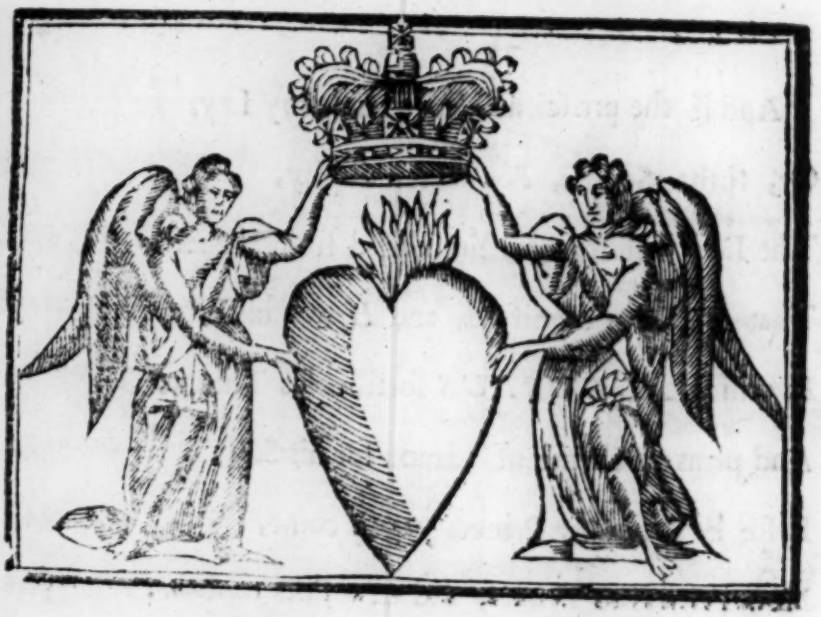
Nor ſhall the *STATES* invading Forces fear,
'Ere pregnant Time the promis'd Heroes bear;

Nor want Allies their Freedom to defend, [Friend.
Since *BRUNSWICK* reigns, and *ALBION* is their
As branching Oaks protect the rural Swain,
Secure from Summer-heat, and Winter-rain;
So ſhall our Monarch, with Paternal Aid,
His Regal Shelter o'er *Batavia* ſpread,
Long as the Sceptre fills his Royal Hand,
A true *Palladium* ſhall Inſure the Land.

And if the præſcient Muſes guide my Lay,
Or, future Secrets, *Phœbus* can diſplay,
The Day ſhall ſhine diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
That *ANNA* dignify'd, and *Hymen* bleſt;
In which *AUGUSTUS* fortifies his Throne,
And plans a Scheme of Union for his Son;
Beſpeaks Allies for Princes yet to come,
New Friends to *Britain*, and new Foes to *Rome*.

Proceed, Great MONARCH, new Allies to gain,
And with new Nuptial-leagues our Peace maintain;

So ſhall thy beauteous Nymphs ſecure with Charms
That ſafety, other Kings defend with Arms;
They, *Venus* like, cou'd *Mars* himſelf ſurprize,
And awe ſtern Tyrants with their conqu'ring Eyes.



VERSES to the Author,

In Imitation of

HORACE's ODE on PINDAR.

By a DIVINE.

Applyed to the Marriage of his Highneſs the Prince of *Orange* with ANN Princeſs-Royal of *Great-Britain*.

WHO hopes to rival *Milton*'s Flame,
With waxen Pinions fondly flies;
His Fall will give the Sea a Name,
While he attempts to reach the Skies.

Milton is like a Flood, whoſe Tide,
Swell'd with tempeſtuous Deluge, roars,
Which from ſome lofty Mountain's Side
Reſiſtleſs foams, and knows no Shores.

With ſacred Lawrels juſtly crown'd,
Whether in bold unfetter'd Strains
His tow'ring Muſe the common Bound,
Superior to all Rhime, diſdains.

Whether the Realm of endleſs Day
He fill with Wars and rude Alarms,
Or ſet in terrible Array
Seraphic *Legions* clad in Arms:

Aloft with all their Foreſts thrown
See Hills from their Foundations raz'd!
See Angels hurl'd with Vengeance down,
When the MESSIAH's Standard blaz'd!

Or leads he to the conubial Bow'rs
The new-form'd Pair? The teeming Ground
Smiles with a Wilderneſs of Flow'rs
Diffuſing Gales of Fragrance round.

Lo! *Adam* with Majeſtic Mein
For Empire and Command deſign'd!
Conſumate Beauty crowns his Queen,
With Dignity and Sweetneſs join'd.

While he the charming Scene diſplays,
Where Innocence and Pleaſure reign'd,
Delighted with his ſacred Lays,
We hear it loſt, and feel it gain'd.

His Lays, inimitably fine,
With Extaſy each Paſſion move,
When loud they trumpet War divine,
Or ſoftly warble human Love.

O STEPHEN,

O *STEPHEN*, this *Britannic* Swan
Surmounts the Clouds with noble Flight,
While I at diſtance only can
Admire him leſſ'ning to the Sight.

As the poor Bee, with endleſs Toil,
To ſuck the Thyme and blooming Roſe,
Skims over *Richmond*'s fragrant Soil,
Thus I with pleaſing Pain compoſe.

You with a happy Genius bleſt,
In bolder Strains ſhall *NASSAU* ſing,
When *ANNA* by the Graces dreſt,
He to the Nuptial Dome ſhall bring.

ANNA enrich'd with various Charms
By the indulgent Care of Heav'n,
Than whom into his longing Arms
No greater Treaſure can be giv'n.

Nor,

Not, tho' with Riches of the *East*
At his Command the *Ganges* flow,
Tho' with full Empire he poſſeſt
Whate'er Ambition wiſh'd below.

Ye *Nereids*, with propitious Gales,
The gilded Veſſel kindly aid,
Let *Cupids* fan the ſwelling Sails,
And waft him to the Royal Maid.

* When *Thames*, with floating Foreſts crown'd,
LEANDER ſafe arriv'd proclaims,
And of tumultuous Joy the Sound
Shall bid *AUGUSTA* riſe in Flames.

Loud Thunder burſting from her Tow'rs,
Shall ſignalize the ſacred Day;
And tranſport to the *Belgic* Shores,
For Bleſſings which they lent, convey.

Around

* *This was written in* October *laſt, when the Prince was expected.*

Around while *Hymeneals* ring,
My Voiſe to higheſt Pitch I'll raiſe,
Thrice happy, if I can but ſing
An humble Ode to *NASSAU*'s Praiſe.

You, ſoaring in Heroic Verſe,
By native Strength of Wing upborn,
His Godlike Virtues ſhall rehearſe,
And Beauties, which the Bride adorn.

He in your Lays ſhall finiſh'd riſe,
For Council, or th' embattled Field:
Immortals the conteſted Prize
To her ſuperior Charms ſhall yield.

Then raviſh'd with prophetick Views
Succeeding Glories ſhall preſage;
And from the Genial Bed the Muſe,
Raiſe Princes to improve the Age:

Who,

Who, bravely prodigal of Blood,
Shall prove that to ſet free Mankind.
And conquer for the Publick Good,
The Race of *NASSAU* was deſign'd.

Thus great *ALCIDES* (Poets feign)
By Labours gain'd the Seats above;
Countries preſerv'd, and Monſters ſlain,
Aſſert the Genuine Son of Jove.

The ANSWER.

WHEN I, in feeble Verſe, eſſay'd
NASSAU and *ANNA*'s Praiſe,
A Lyrick Muſe flew o'er my Head,
And dropp'd a Branch of Bays.

I would have fix'd it on my Brow,
But *PHOEBUS* ſaid, forbear;
'Tis Vanity to touch the Bough,
And Sacrilege to wear.

Give it the Bard, who boldly dares
Attempt the ~~*Roman*~~ Lyre,
Who wiſely checks, but not impairs
The tow'ring *PINDAR*'s Fire.

Thus, Sir, to you, in *PHOEBUS*' Name,
The Lawrel Wreath I ſend;
And ſince the God denies me Fame,
Am glad it crowns my Friend.

Truth *and* Falſhood.

A *FABLE.*

SOON as the Iron Age on Earth began,
And Vice found eaſy Entrance into Man;
While from his tow'ring Height the flaming Sun
Fierce on the pendant Globe directly ſhone,
Forth from her Cave infernal FALSHOOD came,
FALSHOOD, the Hate of Gods, of Men the Shame:
A ſilken Robe ſhe wore of various Hue,
Its Colour changing with each different View:
Studious to cheat, and eager to beguile,
She mimick'd TRUTH, and ap'd her heav'nly Smile;
But mimick'd TRUTH in vain: the varying Veſt
To every ſearching Eye the Fiend confeſt.

At length ſhe ſaw celeſtial TRUTH appear:
Serene her Brow, and chearful was her Air;
Her ſilver Locks with ſhining Fillets bound,
With Laurel Wreaths her peaceful Temples crown'd;
A lilly Robe was girded round her Waſte,
And o'er her Arms a radiant Mantle caſt:
With decent Negligence it hung behind,
And looſely flowing, wanton'd in the Wind.
Thus TRUTH advanc'd, unknowing of Deceit,
And FALSHOOD, bowing low, began the Cheat.

Hail, charming Maid, bright as the Morning Star,
Daughter of *JOVE*, and Heaven's peculiar Care:
'Tis Thine to weigh the World in equal Scales,
And chide the conſcious Soul, when Vice prevails;
Diſpenſing Juſtice with impartial Hand,
The mightieſt Pow'rs ſubmit to thy Command:
E'en Gods themſelves. tho' in their Actions free,
Conſult, reſolve, and act as you decree:

Great

Great Sovereign *JOVE*, the Firſt Ethereal Name,
Adviſ'd with Thee to form the Heav'nly Frame:
As TRUTH approv'd, he bid the Fabrick riſe,
And ſpread the azure Mantle of the Skies;
Plac'd ev'ry Planet in its proper Sphere,
Nor rolls This Orbe too wide, nor That too near.
But why thus walk we, mindleſs of our Eaſe,
Expos'd beneath the Sun's Meridian Blaze?
Better retire, and ſhun the ſcorching Ray,
Till fanning *Zephyrs* cool our Evening Way.
Hear how yon limpid Streams run murmuring by,
And tuneful Birds their ſylvan Notes apply:
See fragrant Shrubs along the Borders grow,
And waving Shades beneath the Poplar-Bough;
All theſe invite us to the River's ſide,
To bathe our Limbs, and ſport within the Tide:
So cool the Stream, the flow'ry Banks ſo ſweet,
Diana's Self might covet the Retreat
Nor can a ſhort Diverſion check your Haſte,
Freſh Strength will ſoon ſucceed ſuch welcome Reſt:

As rapid Currents, held a while at bay,
With ſwifter Force purſue their liquid Way;

So ſpake the Fantom, and with friendly Look
Supporting what ſhe ſaid, approach'd the Brook:
TRUTH follow'd, artleſs, unſuſpicious Maid,
And in an evil Hour the Voice obey'd.
Both, at the chryſtal Stream arriv'd, unbound
Their different Robes; both caſt them to the Ground:
The Fiend upon the Margin ling'ring ſtood,
The naked Goddeſs leapt into the Flood:
Sporting ſhe ſwims the liquid Surface o'er,
Unmindful of the matchleſs Robe ſhe wore.
Not FALSHOOD ſo----She haſty ſeiz'd the Veſt,
And with the beauteous Spoils herſelf ſhe dreſt:
Then, wing'd with Joy, outflew the ſwifteſt Wind,
Her own infernal Robe far left behind.
Straight ſhe aſpires above her former State,
And gains Admittance to the Rich and Great:

Nay,

Nay, ſuch her daring Pride, that ſome report,
When thus equipt, ſhe boldly went to Court:
There ſpake and look'd with ſuch a graceful Air,
Miſtaſten *Fame* pronounc'd her Wiſe and Fair.
She fill'd the Wanton's Tongue with ſpecious Names,
To deal in Wounds and Deaths, in Darts and Flames;
He prefac'd all his leud Attempts with Love,
And Fraud prevail'd, where Reaſon could not move.
At length ſhe mingled with the Learned Throng,
And tun'd the Muſe's mercenary Song.
In all the Labyrinths of Logic skill'd,
She taught the ſubtle Reas'ner *not* to Yield,
Inſtructed how to puzzle each Diſpute,
And boldly Baffle Men, tho' not Confute.
Now at the Bar ſhe play'd the Lawyer's part,
And ſhap'd out Right and Wrong by Rules of Art;
Now in the Senate rais'd her pompous Tone,
Talk'd much of public Good, but meant her Own;
Oft to th' *Olympian* Field ſhe turn'd her Eyes,
And taught the Racers how to gain the prize.

In Schools and Temples too ſhe claim'd a Share,
While FALSHOOD's Self admir'd her Influence there.

Deluded TRUTH obſerv'd the Fraud too late,
Nor knew ſhe to repair a Loſs ſo great:
In vain her heav'nly Robes ſhe ſighing ſeeks;
In vain the humid pearls bedew her Cheeks:
In vain ſhe tears the Laurel from her Hair,
While Nature ſeems to ſympathize her Care:
The glowing Flow'rs, that crown th' enamel'd Meads,
Weep fragrant Dews, and hang their drooping Heads.
The ſylvan Choirs, as conſcious of her pains,
Deplore the Loſs in melancholy Strains.
Thus penſive and uncloath'd upon the Shore
She ſtands, and ſees the Robe which FALSHOOD wore;
Deteſted Sight! nor longer now ſhe mourns,
But, Grief to Rage transform'd, with Anger burns:
Into the Stream the helliſh Robe ſhe toſt,
And ſcorn'd a Habit ſo unlike the loſt,

Hence TRUTH now naked roves, as in Diſgrace;
None, but the Wiſe and Virtuous, ſee her Face:
From Cities far ſhe modeſtly retreats,
From buſy Scenes of Life to peaceful Seats:
Is chiefly found in lonely Fields and Cells,
Where Silence reigns, and Contemplation dwells.
Hence FALSHOOD cheats us, in the fair Diſguiſe,
And ſeems TRUTH's Self to all unwary Eyes:
Thrives and triumphs in Power, and Wealth, and Fame,
And builds her Glory on her Rival's Name:
With ſafety dares to flatter, fawn and ſooth,
For who knows FALSHOOD, when array'd like TRUTH?

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F I N I S.